

attention to detail by ilmoostro

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Summary:

will accidentally leaves an art binder full of sketches of mike in mike's room

attention to detail

Author's Note:

this is just a tumblr prompt i filled that got away from me and became a tiny, fluffy one shot. i hope you guys like it! let me know what you think! im tozbraks on tumblr

Will accidentally left his drawing binder at Mike's house.

Normally, that wouldn't be an issue. Except that, of course, it hadn't been his regular binder. It was, of *fucking* course, the binder with all of his drawings of Mike in it. He was just practicing, really he was, but the best way to do that is with the live model in front of you and since he was going to see Mike *anyway*, he figured it would be okay.

It was definitely not okay. He did get some sketches done, some more finer details memorized (the freckles on his left cheek that are clustered tighter together than his right, the steady curve of his top lip, the new definition in his jaw), but he left the book. in Mike's. room.

There was no way Mike wasn't going to find it. He was dead. How could he explain that? Just *practice*? As if he couldn't have drawn any of the other party members. What was his explanation for literally only drawing Mike?

Oh nothing special, I've just been in love with you since the third grade. Haha funny how that works out, isn't it? Still buds?

As if.

Regardless, he needed to back and get it. Maybe Mike hadn't seen it yet. Maybe he was still in the clear.

He biked back to Mike's, his hands gripping the handlebars until his knuckles were white. *He hadn't seen it*, he repeated to himself, trying to stave off a panic attack. *He hadn't seen it*.

Will dropped his bike on the lawn and walked right into the Wheeler

house. Nobody else was home; Mike's dad worked extra hours just to avoid being home, his mom was out with her friends for the weekend, and Nancy was probably out with Steve and Jonathan, like she always was.

"Hello?" Will called out, closing the front door behind him. No answer. Fuck. Mike was definitely home, his bike was on the lawn too. He took the stairs two at a time, hoping to god he turned around before Mike had a chance to—

He stopped short in front of Mike's open door.

Spread out across his bed were all of Will's drawings of him; charcoal, watercolor, pencil, hell even some pastel he scribbled out in the art room after hours one time. And on that bed, staring at them, was Mike.

Will almost made a run for it, but the shifting of his weight on the floor caused a loud creaking noise, and he winced as Mike's head shot up.

"I—"

"Come in, would you?"

Fuck. Fuck fuck *fuck*. He was going to get his ass kicked. Not that he believed Mike would have ever laid a hand on him before, but for *this*? He would deserve it. Big time.

Will walked forward tentatively, his pulse racing. Seeing all of his drawings spread out in front of him like that, in front of Mike, was almost too much for him to handle. It was too obvious, how could it not be? How could he not know?

"Sorry about... going through your stuff. You haven't had the chance to draw for me lately and I wanted to see," Mike apologized, a sheepish grin on his face. He didn't seem very upset, if at all.

"It's okay," Will said, his voice catching in his throat. Mike gave him a funny look.

"These are amazing, Will. What's wrong?"

Will swallowed thickly. Did he really not know?

“It’s just—” He waved a shaking hand towards the drawings, stepping forward tentatively. Why was he so scared? This was Mike. Mike was his best friend. He hadn’t figured it out yet. He was still okay. “You don’t think it’s weird?”

Mike shook his head, gently reaching forward to touch the edges of a charcoal study Will did a month or so back. “They’re incredible. This one’s my favorite, I think.”

Will remembered when he drew it. Mike had invited him over to get some feedback on his guitar playing (he just started a couple months back and had been *pretty* awful in the beginning) but they sat in Mike’s basement and while he was playing, he looked so focused and happy when he played all the chords right that Will had to sketch him. His fingers itched with the need to preserve the scene on paper. So he did. Honestly, it was one of his best. Nothing ever captured his attention like Mike did. Every little detail he noticed, he added into the sketch. And there were a lot of little details about Mike he noticed.

“Thank you,” Will smiled, easing up. “I think it’s my favorite, too.”

“There’s like, *insane* detail in this. How do you even have the patience for that? I get antsy drawing stick figures,” Mike asked, picking up the sketch to study it. Will felt a blush rising from the compliment.

“Actually, focusing on detail is pretty easy when you’re drawing something you love.”

A beat.

Will Byers, what just came out of your mouth?

Mike blinked, and then ducked his head. Will stared at him desperately, trying to come up with something to say, but clearly he wasn’t great at talking today because what the *fuck*.

“Mike—”

“You love me?” He asked quietly. Will’s stomach clenched at how soft his tone was. This was not at all how he ever fantasized this moment happening. Not that he ever thought it *would* happen, but still.

“Y-yeah, of course. You’re my best friend,” He tried to play it off.

“Oh,” Mike said. “Okay.”

Will let out a breath, relieved. But Mike’s head was still down, and he was gripping the paper a little harder than he had been before. Why would he be upset? There was no way– there was *no* way he had actually hoped Will meant something else.

Was there?

It might be his only chance. Will would never have an opportunity like this again. This moment would pass, and they would be just best friends again, just Will and just Mike. He would keep his secret, and Mike would never know.

But... he didn’t think he wanted that anymore. Having Mike as a best friend was better than nothing at all, but something inside of him told him he needed to say something, *now*, or he never would.

“Except... it’s more than that.”

Mike raised his head slowly, his big brown eyes meeting Will’s with an intensity he had never seen from him before. “What do you mean?”

Will took a deep breath. “I mean that it’s more– more than just love that... friends have.”

“You have to say it. I can’t be wrong about this, Will. You have to say it to me. Please,” Mike begged, already leaning forward, as if some invisible force was pulling him towards Will. He swallowed, drowning in the sound of his own heartbeat and the depth of Mike’s eyes.

“I love you,” Will whispered, his voice shaky, and Mike closes the gap between them, still clutching the sketch in his hand.

They kissed like touch-starved creatures, tentative and gentle but desperate all at the same time. Mike slid a hand up Will's neck to pull him closer, swallowing his gasp and breathing hope into his desolate heart. Will fisted the soft material of Mike's sweater and felt like an anchor at sea; submerged, but steady. Strong.

When they pulled apart, Will voiced his confusion with a breathless question.

"Wait... *you love me?*"

Mike let out a helpless, disbelieving giggle. "Don't say that out loud—my heart already feels like it's about to take off running."

They rested their foreheads together, matching their breathing. Mike tilted his head and kissed Will on the tip of his nose, his smile radiant.

"But yes," he said to Will, who smiled back. "I do."